

FROM FORT DELAWARE TO HOME AND LIBERTY

How Prisoners Returned-Lady Bountiful in Baltimore-Hotels Closed to Confederates.

er from Philadelphia to Baitimore landed at the wharf. We boarded it and were soon on our way lowards "home." I did not observe that many tears were shed as we bade, as we hoped, an eternal farewell to Fort Delaware.

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We reached Baltimore about sunrise the next morning, and, learning that the steamer for Fortress Monroe would leave Baltimore at 6 o'clock that evening, I dismissed my company, charging them to be on hand promptly at the hour and place designated for our departure from Baltimore. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that this order was very promptly obeyed.

I repaired to Barnum's little and registered, and very promptly responded to the first call to breakfast. How I enjoyed that breakfast may be imagined, as it was the first time I had sat down to a meal table since my last supper at home just one year be-

last supper at home just one year b fore, and during that time I had subsisted entirely on campaign or prison fare. After breakfast I thought that my finances would enable me to afford the almost forgotten luxury of a cigar, and I went to a cigar stand and made a purchase. On pulling out the money to make payment the proprietor told me that the cigars were paid for. I saked who paid for them, and the reply was that a lady had called just before I came in and paid for them. By what clairvoyant power or spiritual communication this lady was informed that I, at that particular moment, would be at that eigar stand and buy three cigars at the rate of three for a quarter I was left to conjecture.

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cluded to ask their host something that it.

Ho told-tirem candidly that he had heard it often; requently the footsteps sounded even within his own distant chamber.

Is a measured in the footsteps of them fought in the Revolution and 1812. If so, their names and what but the

Mr. Dabney and his friend, reserved as to ghosts, as most of us are, had neither spoken to the other of his experience, but evidently the subject had perturbed them, for each man kept awake for the noise and rushed into the passage simultaneously.

"What is it?" Mr. Dabney asked his friend when they could find or see nothing.

"I don't know," he answered.

"You have heard it before?"

"Many, many times,"

"Spoken of it?"

"No."

Far into the night did these intelligent men discuss this strange additory phenomenon. They finally concluded to ask their host something than it.

the high front gate, but he halts, places his forefeet upon the right gate post, and stands like a carven image between the purplish cedar trees.

The ghost at "Shirley" is a harmless little lady in blue brocade, who flutters about the house. They say she is the counterpart of the portrait which hangs on the stair, and which is a delineation of one who in life was unkind to her husband.

"Brahaon's" ghost is out of doors. A chariot and four horses at certain periods roll noisily down the long lane, stops and disappears at the front door of the mansion. Mr. Hudgon does not explain this phenomenon.

One of the most gloonly and ghostly mansions in Virginia is "Rosewell," the home of the Puggs, in Gloucoster county. The Paggs Aved and died in state, and rested before burlai en a catafalque covered with a purple vel-

Consider this phenomenon of the most gloony and glostly mansloss in Virginia is "Rosewell," the home of the Page, in Gloucester county. The Page, article and died in state, and rested before burial on catafalpue covered with a purple veil pall and adderned with long blacks planes. "When that house was built, just to project phantasms." "When that house was built, just to project phantasms." In the Emmense "Rosewell' house only three peeple now reside, and so ince fry ghost quest I have interviewed, them, but they report no welfer owner of "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no ghost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no ghost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently: "There are absolutely no shost stories connected with "Rosewell," writes me recently the prov

le The Times Vispatch & GENEALOGICAL COLUMN

Another phantasm appears at Tuck-ahoe just as the derkness falls, and is witnessed always with interest. A white horse rears as if to clear the high front gate, but he halts, places his forefeet upon the right gate